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where these compounds end with *dinum* or *dunum*. Thus Din-dryval, a triangular fort, Din-mor, a sea-fort, Dinllwyden, Din-mael, Dinorweg, Dinlle, Dinlleyn, Dindaethwy, Dinam, Din-sulwy, names of old forts in Wales. There are few names of places that terminate in *din*, but then the *d* is softened for the above reason, as Brynhyrddin, Brodorddin, Caervyrddiu. So, if London were derived from *Llong*, a ship, and *Din*, the compound, according to the nature of the British language, would be *Llongddin*,—so, from *Llan*, *Llunddin*; both which are not far from the present name *Llundain* \*."

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### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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CYWYDD Y DILUW, yn Dair Rhan; Gan DAVYDD IONAWR.  
DOLGELLAU, 1821.

THOSE, who would found their notions of Welsh poetry upon the general poetry of Europe, whether ancient or modern, will be apt to arrive at a very erroneous conclusion. It has, we may almost affirm, nothing in common with the strains of other countries, save that inspiration, which must always, to a certain degree, characterize the effusions of the muse. Yet, even in this particular, the poets of Wales appear to us to possess features peculiarly their own. In vain should we look in their pages for the uniform sublimity, which distinguishes the strains of Homer, for the unvarying majesty and propriety of the Virgilian sentiments, or for the regular and well sustained flight of Pope's philosophic muse. The true characteristics of Welsh poetry are of a nature essentially different: not that we mean to insinuate, that it is not often pregnant with glowing thought, with dignified sentiments, with tender feeling, and with fine moral sense; but it rarely, if ever, happens, that the Welsh poet holds "the even tenour of his way" in one uninterrupted strain of feeling, whether of sublimity or of pathos. It is the irregular flash—the coruscation—of genius, rather than its full

\* Perhaps neither of the etymologies of 'London,' here offered, is the true one; and it were vain now to speak with any certainty on the subject. However, we have been favoured with a very ingenious one, which we propose to insert on some future occasion, in company with other similar conjectures respecting the names of old English towns and other places.—ED.

and steady blaze, that imparts a splendour to the *aven* of Wales; and hence it is, that our native country is far more likely to supply rivals to Pindar or Gray than to Milton or Lucretius. And the lyric excellence of some of our bards, especially the more ancient, forms a practical illustration of this hypothesis.

To trace to its various sources this distinguishing attribute of Welsh poetry would lead us into a discussion, for which we can at present afford neither space nor time. It shall be our business, however, to return to the subject hereafter. In the mean time it may be of use briefly and generally to remark, that the poetry of Wales is less the poetry of thought than of expression; a peculiarity, which is to be ascribed, as we think, principally to two causes. The first of these is, the formal strictness of the prosody, by which it is governed, and which, whatever may be its metrical advantages, has too often the effect of rendering sense subservient to sound, and of sacrificing the force of imagination and sentiment to the beauties, real or fancied, of its favourite *cynghanedd*. Hence it happens, that the dearth of the beautiful or sublime, when that is found to prevail, is not so much to be imputed to a want of taste or genius in the poet, as to the imperative necessity, he is under, of expressing himself according to certain prescribed laws, and of consulting rather the metrical capabilities of the language in which he writes, than the peculiar inspirations of the theme on which he is meditating. Another cause, and by no means the least important, may be found, as we conceive, in the harmonical properties of the Welsh, and the consequent association of its poetical strains with the enrapturing powers of music. Upon the prevalence of this practice, and more especially formerly, it is unnecessary to insist; and it can hardly be doubted, that this has greatly contributed towards forming the rigid code of its metrical laws. From the cause, of which we are now speaking, it has resulted, that a certain harmony of diction has been frequently studied at the expence of imagery and sentiment, and that a desire to inform the mind or charm the fancy has had less influence with the poet than an anxiety to pour his metrical fascinations upon the ear. Such are the chief causes, that appear to us to have imposed on the Welsh bard those shackles, which too often impede the flight of his muse,

but from which he occasionally emancipates himself with all that instinctive energy, which is inseparable from true genius.

We have been seduced into these prefatory remarks by the work, of which the title is prefixed to this article, and which is among the most recent specimens of our national poetry. The subject, our English readers should be apprised, is the Deluge; and the author is Mr. David Richards, or, according to his bardic appellation, Davydd Ionawr, whom his previous Poem on the Trinity (*Cywydd y Drindod*) has already ranked high among the modern votaries of the *awen*. His present effusion is one of unequal merit, yet presenting some passages, that are written with considerable felicity. A few of these we shall select for the benefit of our Welsh friends; and it may not be uninteresting first to give, in the author's own words, the Argument of the Poem.

"The Poem consists of three parts: the first part contains a brief account of the idolatry, violence, and most enormous vices of the antediluvians; the pathetic preaching of Noah, and the universal contempt and ridicule with which he was treated, which brought down the long-threatened vengeance of heaven, an universal Deluge, upon incorrigible sinners. The second part contains a description of the Deluge. Noah and his family having entered into the Ark,—at the command of the Almighty, myriads of water-spouts, from the Southern Ocean, ascended into the clouds, which were driven and carried on the wings of the South wind over the surface of the earth, where they poured down their contents in unceasing cataracts for forty days and forty nights: at the same time, the central waters, the fountains of the great deep, enraged, rushed through the strong barriers of their capacious prison, and poured forth their numberless overwhelming forces in the day of wrath and universal destruction, till the whole earth was overflowed with waters, as at the Creation. In those violent convulsions of nature many extensive parts of the strong shell of the earth, of different magnitudes, were torn from the continents and precipitated to the central abyss. The third part contains a description of the restoration of the World to its present form: the North, with its collateral winds, those winged messengers of heaven, proclaimed aloud the commands of the Almighty, that the waters, having fulfilled their commission, should retreat to their former receptacles. The tumultuous waters heard all around, and instantly obeyed the dread commands of the Supreme Lord of the Universe. As the waters gradually retreated to the fountains of the great deep, the fragments of the earth, precipitated thither, gradually ascended from the central abyss, and became permanently fixed upon the surface of the Ocean, whereby numerous islands, of various dimensions, were formed. At the time appointed, the earth and the air being reduced to a proper temperature, Noah and his family came out of the Ark, built an Altar upon mount Ararat, and offered an acceptable sacrifice to God, their Creator and Preserver. Such is a faint outline of CYWYDD Y DILUW."

The following lines form the exordium, and will therefore serve as an introduction to the extracts, that follow.

"V'AWENYDD, clyw vi unwaith,  
Cyn awr dyvyn i'r hir daith;  
Cynnyg blethedig ganiad  
I Ner a'i Gyviawnder vâd,  
I rwyddion Drugareddau  
Duw'r Hedd, sy'n rhyvedd barhau:  
Y Diluw dwn diwaelod  
A vu, a'r achos o'i vod,  
Boed hyn yn dervyn dy waith  
Nerthol, anvarwol vawrwaith."—p. 7.

The next passage, describing the lawless and sinful condition of the Antediluvians, the immediate cause of the Deluge, is ably and nervously written.

"Fôdd mwynber Gyviawnder vâd,  
A'i Cheraint, Hedd, a Chariad,  
I noddod eu cain haddev,  
I wlad anwylvâd y Nev;  
Ag edlym ryvel gwaedlyd,  
Mewn arvau, drwy barthau 'r byd  
A gerddodd yn agwddwawr,  
Yn anverth o gydnerth gawr;  
Bloeddiodd, ymwylltiodd am waed,  
Taer oedd am dywallt rhuddwaedd;  
Taniodd, cynhyrvodd cyn hir  
Hagr wynias gawri enwir:  
Cawri anverth ceg-hiriawn,  
Gorphwyllog, bygythiog iawn,  
A vilain chwytrn ryvelant,  
Troi 'r byd yn waedlyd a wnant.  
Daeth, ysywaeth, oes haiarn,  
Drwy 'r holl vyd, yn dra hell varn,  
Cyrph meirwon geirwon gawri  
Yn ddarnau, restrau heb ri',  
Diluw o waed a welir,  
(Byd tîst) hyd wyneb y tir.  
Cai llovrudion geirwon gau  
Eu dewis megis duwiau."—pp. 13, 14

We shall leave the four short extracts, that follow, to speak for themselves, merely premising, that they are more or less remarkable for their merit.

"E ddirywiodd yr Awen  
Nevol-bêr o'i harver hen;  
Mewn cnawdol wasweddol swm  
Ennynnodd hon yn Annwn:  
Ynvydion vu 'r beirddion bâs  
Yn nyddu mawl anaddas;

Nid mawl i'r gorsseddawl SANT,  
O gu enaid, a ganant,  
Ond mawl am anverthawl vâr  
I gau dduwiau y ddaear."—p. 18.

"Rhybuddion, bygythion gant,  
Dwysion, a lwyr wawdiasant;  
Dyhofent bob peth difaith,  
Meddyliau, geiriau, a gwaith:  
Yn ddiau hwythau, cyn hir,  
A vythawl lwyr ddyvethir."—p. 19.

"Wele vâd gennad geinwawr,  
Cennad o'r Nev wenvad vawr,  
A'i bêr wyneb eirianav  
Mor burlan a huan hâv,  
Ar gyver y gwr gwiwvawl  
Yn gu yn gwenu mewn gwawl."—p. 42.

"Yn ei olwg anwylav,  
Hardd gennad anwylvâd Nav,  
Gwir dadawl gariad ydoedd  
A mâd gydymdeimlad oedd;  
Llavarai'n hoywgain hygar,  
Val cyvaill wrth gyvaill gwâr."—p. 44.

The next passage comprises a part of the description of the Deluge, and, whatever it may suffer in comparison with some other descriptions of that awful event, is still drawn with considerable power and skill, as the Welsh reader will be at no loss to discover.

"Miloedd sydd o gymmylau  
Tewion yn hyllion amlhau;  
Du y wybren a dybryd,  
Tywyll ac erchyll i gyd!  
Golau ronyn nis gwelant,  
Ond cochyion vel't gwylltion gant;  
Taranau trwy y wiwnev,  
Cevnlli o fenestri Nev!  
Rheieidr vyrddiwn yn rhuaw  
Yn frydiawg o lidiawg wlaw!  
Gan amlder, llawnder a lliid  
Y gwlaw, yn synn e glywid  
Ar gyhoedd, drwy gymmoedd gant,  
Arw hyll verw y lliveiriant.  
Avonydd â'u holl-rydd hynt,  
A chynnwrw mawr, wreichionynt;  
A'r awyr yn adruaw,  
A mawr drwst gan y môr draw:  
Ymwriaw mae'er môr mawrwyllt  
Mewn bâr yn ei garchar gwyllt,  
Drwy ewynawg daranu  
O'r llyngelyn didervyn du,"—pp. 56, 57.

With one other extract from the second Book we shall conclude our specimens of the "*Cywydd y Diluw*," leaving it to our readers to form their own judgment of the poem, of which, we repeat, we have endeavoured to select some, and some only, of the most favourable parts. The reader, who is disposed from this brief account to take up the volume, will, no doubt, find many other passages equally worthy of his regard.

"Parod oedd byddinoedd Ion,  
Rhoddwyd y byllt yn rhyddion:  
Chwyrn dervysg, dychryd dirvawr,  
Goleuo mellt drwy'r gwlaw mawr.  
Yn addig dw'r a thân oeddynt  
Yn elynion gwylltion gynt;  
Ond yn awr unwyd eu nerth,  
Cawri agwrdd cywirgerth;  
Gwelir hwynt, ar y galwad,  
Yn veibion dewrion un Dād."—p. 58.

We have no inclination to lessen the value of whatever meed of praise we have felt it our duty to bestow on this production of Mr. Richards; but we trust to his candour to pardon the remark, that a more copious use of the inexhaustible stores of our venerable tongue would have given to his style a variety of expression, and a richness of phraseology, which it obviously wants at present. He seems to have travelled too much in the beaten track, without attempting to profit by the admirable resources which our language presents for improving the force and elegance of its diction, and particularly in the use of those compound terms, which, for their expressive energy, are not perhaps to be surpassed even by those of the Greek tongue. We would also notice, as minor blemishes, that the author evinces occasionally too great a partiality for certain inelegant and unsightly abbreviations, which, however common at one time, no writer of taste ought now to retain,—and that he also adheres to the practice, exploded among the best modern writers, of using a duplication of letters, where a single one is not only more pleasing to the eye, but more grammatical. Such are the words *synn*, *gwynn*, *Anwn*, &c. more properly written *syn*, *gryn*, *Anwn*; and some other instances may be seen in the foregoing extracts. But these trivial eye-sores, (for they are, perhaps, at last, little more,) ought not to detract from the general merit of the Poem, which we may safely recommend to the notice of our countrymen as a work, worthy of the author of *Cywydd y Drindod*.